

[Thin Walls](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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Summary:

Zagreus can't complain about his new apartment. It's the perfect place for him, in a great neighborhood, walking distance from the gym, and best of all, it's *not his father's house*.

So what if he can hear every single thing that happens in his neighbors' bedroom? So what if his neighbors are two extremely hot, extremely married men with a very active sex life? So what if Zag's falling half in love with them and getting off every night listening to them going at it?

Alright, the new place might come with a few challenges.

Thin Walls

Author's Note:

thanks to all my cousins who told me stories about their terrible neighbors fucking loudly that I wholesale stole for this

pls enjoy the pza i'm posting this while drunk because i have no self control and need everyone to read it immediately so i'm v sorry if the end part is not edited at all

Zagreus couldn't complain about his apartment.

Really, he couldn't. If he did, someone might take that as a chance to suggest he move back in with his father.

So, he couldn't complain.

Especially since the place was so nice; he had a corner apartment, so double the windows, and there was even a little balcony, on which all the many plants his mother gifted him with seemed to flourish. The location was good, the building was old but well-kept, all of it was just brilliant, and best of all, it was not his father's house.

The neighbors, though.

The neighbors.

"Fuck!"

Zagreus sat bolt upright in bed, realizing that it was happening *again*.

Of course it was happening again.

The reason he *might* have complained about his apartment if he *could* complain about his apartment was that his neighbors' bed was opposite the same wall Zagreus' bed was against.

"Oh! Oh, yes."

And his neighbors, as it turned out, had a very active sex life.

This was the third time Zag had heard them at it, and he'd lived here a week. The first two had been irritating, but he'd just headed into the living room to watch something with the volume turned up very loud, and it had been fine.

This time, listening to them had his mind racing in a very different direction.

That was because Zag had actually *met* one of his neighbors by now, and he'd seen both of them in passing.

And, well.

They were hot.

Like, absolutely crazy gorgeous.

Alright, so he'd only actually spoken with Achilles, but they had to both be stupid beautiful, right? A ten attracts a ten, and whatnot? Besides, he'd seen Achilles' husband at a distance and the guy was even taller and broader than Achilles was, and that was enough to make smoke alarms go off inside Zag's brain. They were hot enough to make Zagreus consider lingering in his bedroom while they, uh. Got busy.

"Ah!"

Was that...? That *was* Achilles, right? Yeah. Even loud and throaty, his voice was pretty goddamn distinctive. *God*. What was his husband doing to get him that loud?

Zag's hand drifted over his lap, a subconscious action right up until he brushed his knuckles against his half-hard cock through his sweatpants. He snatched his hand away like he'd been burned, shaking out the traitorous digits.

No! No thinking about your hot neighbors, Zagreus. Your very hot, very—

"Yes, like that, please—"

—Ahem. Very *married* neighbors. Who were in a committed relationship which Zagreus was not a part of, and therefore—

"Ah, Pat, harder!"

Oh, fuck it, if they were going to be that loud, they had to have considered the possibility of a voyeur.

He was embarrassingly close to fully hard when he kicked off his sweatpants, sending them flying over the end of his bed. He briefly considered grabbing his phone, turning on some porn just to make it feel less like he was *just* doing this because of his neighbors, but that was the exact moment he heard the deep, dreadfully sexy chuckle from through the wall.

Ohfuck.

Shit, if Zag had a husband who sounded like that, he'd be screaming, too.

The next thing he heard wasn't words so much as a quick, sharp cry that went *straight* to Zag's cock. It was followed by, *"fuck me*, which was followed by something too quiet for Zag to hear, which was followed by Achilles laughing, strangely sweet until it turned into another moan.

He couldn't help but wonder how Achilles' husband was fucking him (Pat? Pat was short for something, but Zagreus was hard-pressed to remember what). His mind was all too happy to supply him with several images of Achilles—spread out on his back, his front, bent over the side of the bed, et cetera. As he pictured them in a myriad of positions, the noises from next door became rhythmic, so clear an indicator of a deep, hard fuck, Zagreus couldn't help but thrust into his own hand. Oh, this was going to be over *embarrassingly* fast.

Yet another wordless moan sent Zagreus into yet another spiral of *I shouldn't be doing this*.

He could have done something else. Anything else. He could have got up, walked to the living room, and gotten off thinking about something other than the two gorgeous men next door banging it out. He could have put on his noise-cancelling headphones and listened to literally anything else.

He didn't.

He shoved a hand over his mouth, lest they find out that a total creep lived next door, and got himself off while learning exactly how Achilles sounded while he came.

Oh, god. Never again, Zagreus told himself.

Never again.

— — —

'Never again' turned into 'maybe just one more' *fast*.

Like, two days later fast.

In his defense, it was Friday night and Zagreus had been given a bottle of wine as a housewarming gift (thanks, Dio) and Topsy Zag was a little bit less morally opposed to listening to his neighbors fuck.

He got off *twice* Friday night, all while wondering how the fuck one managed to get stamina like that—probably by fucking as regularly as they seemed to.

It meant he was dead tired when his alarm went off Saturday morning, and he suddenly remembered, oh shit, he was supposed to be going to the gym.

He nearly threw his phone across the room when he looked at the time and shot up, his brain blaring a lot of *SHIT SHIT SHIT I'M LATE*.

"Oh yeah, I'll just set up an appointment with a personal trainer on Saturday morning," Zagreus grumbled to himself, as he pulled on a hoodie over his T-shirt and running shorts and threw his gym bag over his shoulder. "Brilliant thinking, Zagreus."

He headed out the door, almost forgot his keys, and ducked back in to grab them.

And if he gave a significant look to the door to Apartment 302, well, nobody was around to judge him, were they?

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Setting up a Saturday morning appointment with a personal trainer, Zagreus discovered as he entered the gym, was quite possibly the worst idea he'd ever had.

And not just because he'd gotten quite drunk the night before and stayed up well past midnight getting off.

No, there were other complications.

"Oh, it's you!"

His personal trainer, for instance, happened to be quite familiar.

Zagreus' skeleton nearly leapt out of his skin. "Achilles! Hello." Great. Wonderful. The universe was conspiring to destroy Zag with his own thirst, again, right?

Don't think about how loud he was last night.

"So, you're my new client? I suppose I should have connected the dots, but I didn't know your full name." He shook Zag's hand, his grip firm, and Zag remembered the only thing he'd heard Pat say last night.

"Hold onto the bed frame, love. Like that, yes."

"Uh. Right." Alright, okay. *Think, Zagreus.* He only thought, however, about how hard Achilles had gotten plowed last night. Not helpful! "Sorry if I'm a bit out of it, it's early, and, well, I had a bit of a late night."

"Same here," Achilles said. Oh, Zagreus knew that all too well. "I wouldn't be awake this morning if not for a lot of coffee." He was putting his hair up, and it had Zag focusing much too hard on the flex of his biceps.

It did not bode well for the rest of this session.

DON'T think about how loud he was last night.

True to his initial hesitations, it did not bode well. By the end of the session, Zagreus was hot and sweaty for a number of reasons, but could at least attribute it to the workout.

Achilles had really put him through his paces, which, thankfully, allowed Zag to focus on what his body was doing instead of all the many places his mind wanted to go.

Of course, all of those intrusive thoughts came flooding back when Achilles said, "hope I didn't go too hard on you today, lad," and Zagreus, because he was a total idiot, responded with:

"Oh, that's alright, I like it hard."

Really?

Achilles looked at him askance, because Zagreus was being an absolute weirdo, probably. He fidgeted with the band of his watch for a second before saying, "well, I suppose I'll see you next week, then? If not before, I mean."

"Yes! Of course! I, uh. Gotta head to work, so. And I mean, you have to keep doing work—nevermind. See you!"

For once in his life, Zagreus begged any passing deity, could he just be blessed with the ability to not be an absolute fucking disaster?

Was it really too much to ask?

— — —

"I have a problem," Achilles said, closing the door behind him and then leaning against it with a groan.

"As do I, my love. The children will not let me up."

Patroclus was laying on the couch with both dogs on top of him, the two furballs happily snoozing away. Achilles clicked his tongue and they both perked up, racing to greet him at the door and allowing Patroclus to sit up with an enormous groan of effort.

"One problem solved, then. What's yours?" he asked, while Achilles hung up his keys and kicked off his sneakers.

"You know our new neighbor?"

"Ah, yes, Twunk Neighbor," Pat said, making Achilles consider throwing a shoe in his direction. Pat would just catch it, though.

"Don't call him that."

"Hot Neighbor Who Achilles Wants to Bone?" Pat helpfully suggested.

"Absolutely not. Sammy, sit."

The dog obeyed him. Pat did not. "Extremely Bangable Boy Next Door?"

"Zagreus. Just call him by his name, for the love of god." Achilles undid his hair from the usual bun he kept it back in for work. "Anyway, he's my new client."

"Fun."

"Not fun! Terrible! How am I supposed to keep a professional workspace, when, when—"

“When Hot Twunk Neighbor Boy Who Achilles Really Wants to Bone is getting all sweaty in front of you?”

“That one was particularly bad.”

“It was indeed quite cumbersome. I’ll have to consider other options.” Patroclus stood and stretched, now that he was not confined beneath a pair of medium-sized dogs. “Tell me about it while we take the boys for a walk?”

The boys, who knew what those words meant, immediately mobbed Achilles, who was still standing next to the front hall closet where their leashes were stored. “It seems I have no choice!”

“One never does,” Patroclus agreed, ducking into the kitchen to grab a small handful of their treats, bribery to keep the pair of them from chasing after neighborhood cats or anyone who happened to ride a bicycle past them.

“You’re spoiled,” Achilles told the dogs, who just gave him their little canine smiles in response.

“So,” Patroclus said, once they had been successfully herded out the door by the dogs, “what’s with this boy?”

Achilles sighed, looking over his shoulder at the door to Zagreus’ apartment. “Where do I even start?”

— — —

Zagreus was unreasonably excited for his Friday night video call with Than.

They hadn’t spoken in a while, which always worried Zagreus, especially considering how angry Than had been when Zagreus dropped out of school and ran away from home on a cross-country road trip halfway through Sophomore year of college. The anger had mostly been because Zag had forgotten to mention this plan to Than, who’d been his best friend-slash-sort-of boyfriend at the time. After that, Than refused to speak to Zagreus for two full years, no matter how many times Zagreus explained that he

hadn't meant to leave without saying goodbye, he just sort of forgot everything in the midst of his blind rage at his father.

Despite thinking about it all day, Zagreus was somehow still late getting on the call. His laptop, which was sitting open on his bed, started ringing while Zagreus was in the bathroom fixing his hair, so he had to race into the bedroom and fling himself across the bed to answer the call before it dropped.

"Than!"

"Hello, Zag." Than's slightly-pixelated face appeared on the screen, the colors turned dull and bluish because he had no lights on in his room.

"Stop sitting in the dark, that's bad for your eyes," Zagreus scolded him.

Thanatos did not turn on a light. "My eyes are fine. What have you been doing? How's school?"

Zagreus picked up his English homework, which was sitting on his bed, half-done. "I'm doing things! Actually studying, I promise. How has your week been?"

He only shrugged, but that wasn't disinterest from Thanatos, just him being unsure what to say and chronically unable to make small talk. "Fine. Did you hear Charon is seeing your cousin?"

Zag's nose wrinkled and he adjusted the angle of the laptop screen so he looked better in his little reflection at the bottom right. "Which cousin?" he asked warily. "Please don't say Ares."

"Hermes."

"Oh, that's okay, then." At least Hermes had never asked if Zag's boyfriend's mom was single.

"Are you liking the new place?" Thanatos snagged an enormous thermos from somewhere behind his laptop, probably way too much coffee that he really shouldn't have been drinking that late.

“It’s been nice.” Zagreus propped his chin up on his hands, lying flat on his stomach and wishing he’d positioned himself somewhere not on his bed, because he could already hear Achilles and Patroclus talking from the other side of the wall. “I like my neighbors—I told you one of them was my new personal trainer too, right?”

“Yeah, weird coincidence.” Thanatos rifled around for his headphones and plugged them into his laptop. With the big over-the-ear headphones on, he looked even more like he had when they were in high school. “Did you ever meet the other one?”

“Yes! And I met their dogs! Than. They have two. Corgis. Two!” Zag had run across the two of them taking the dogs on a walk last week, and had also been formally introduced to Patroclus and had discovered that he was even more gorgeous than Achilles. “So, yeah, it’s good.” He heard a muffled thump that he could safely identify as Achilles being pushed onto their bed. “The walls are a bit, ah, thin.”

Oh, fuck. That was definitely some moaning.

“I’ve noticed,” Than said, which meant he could hear just as clearly as Zagreus, damn him and his high-sound-quality headphones.

“Um. Yeah, that sometimes—“

”Oh god, Pat, I need you in me!”

In the window at the bottom of his screen, Zagreus could see himself getting red.

“I’m... sorry? Damn, Zag, that can’t be fun to deal with.”

“Honestly, more entertaining than hearing my father yelling from three rooms away.” Zagreus was seriously regretting his choice of seating position—lying flat on his stomach made the uncomfortable boner he was getting from all this even more uncomfortable. At least Than couldn’t see it. “Let me grab my headphones, maybe the mic will do a better job not picking up what’s going on next door.”

Of course, he had to move to get his headphones. The little bit of squirming it required put enough pressure on his dick to have Zagreus biting at his lower lip, but luckily he was busy reaching up and over his laptop to snag them and his face wasn't onscreen. Than probably just got an entire screenful of his chest, though, so that must have been fun.

"Like that, love, yeah—"

Fuuuuck why did the cord on these things always have to get so tangled?

"There we go!" He finally managed to shove his earbuds in and connect them to the laptop, Than's voice cutting out for just a second.

"You could—the other side of the room?"

"Hm?"

"I said you could move your bed to the other side of the room."

"I... honestly cannot. You can't see it from your view but my bedroom is really tiny, this place is a little like this building wasn't supposed to have this many apartments on this row but they squashed another one in anyways." He turned his laptop screen around to show Thanatos the rest of the room. "See? If I moved my bed it'd either be in front of the door or the closet."

"I see." Thanatos was leaning close to the computer when he spoke again, his arms folded up on his desk and his chin atop them. The blue light of the computer didn't quite catch the amber-gold of his eyes. "Well, unless you get a smaller bed, I guess you're stuck listening to... that." Thankfully, *that* had gotten a little quieter but for a rhythmic creaking of a bed frame and occasional somewhat-stifled moaning. Zagreus wondered if Pat had Achilles up on all fours, and if Achilles had dropped down so that his face was in the pillow.

Ahem.

Anyway.

“What? No, I’m not getting a smaller bed, where would you sleep?”

Thanatos made a face, the furrow in his brow looking more intense in the dim light. “I thought we said we weren’t trying that again for a little while.”

“Oh, no, I just meant like...” Years of sleepovers with the two of them staying up giggling until Hades told them to quiet down or else. Awkward touches and hands exploring when they were teenagers, trying to feel out the fit of one another. “Like when we were kids, you know?”

“Oh. Yeah, that would be okay, I guess.” Than’s head lolled to the side. Next door, the noise had picked up, a particular cadence of moans that Zagreus knew meant Achilles was really getting into it. God, he was stupidly hard. In an extra confusing way, with his dear friend and first love was on the screen in front of him. Their first kiss had been in this bed. “I want to come see your new place sometime,” Than added through a yawn.

“You’re getting tired, aren’t you?” Zagreus could see it in the way Than’s eyes lost focus and then snapped to the screen as he tried to stay awake. “It’s late, love. Get some sleep.”

“I can stay up a little longer.” Than went for another drink of his coffee, and then frowned at his thermos. “Well. I’d have to get some more of that.”

“Nope. I refuse to let you die of a heart attack when you’re thirty from all the caffeine you drink. Go to bed, I’ll call you soon.”

“Yeah, okay. Sorry you won’t be able to do the same, with your neighbors being shitty and all.”

”Oh, fuck me!”

“I’ll be fine.”

He’d be doing anything but sleeping.

— — —

Exactly a week after the Thanatos incident, Zagreus actually did not hear anything coming from the bedroom next door. He was surprised for a moment, and then felt like a creep again, because why the *actual hell* did he know they were in the habit of fucking basically every Friday night?

These men were good at keeping a schedule, that's for sure. Zagreus knew they took the dogs on a walk every evening at eight, that one of them had a horrendously loud alarm that went off weekdays at seven in the morning, and that they were always fucking on Friday nights. And Saturday nights, usually. Sometimes random weekdays and Sunday afternoons. But always Friday.

Zagreus took it as an occasion to finally get off without hearing his neighbors in the background, but managed to think about the two of them anyway.

Listen, Achilles had been spotting him while doing bench-presses last weekend and Zagreus couldn't get over the idea that Achilles would be at nearly that same angle of Zagreus was on his knees in front of him. It didn't take much for Zag's brain to flip the image.

He briefly considered attempting to find some random hook-up to placate his desperate need to give somebody head but once he realized that 'somebody' had to be Achilles, he gave up. Besides, all the students in his classes seemed so *young* now that he was going back to school at twenty-six. The idea of sleeping with a nineteen-year-old college sophomore was... just really not as pleasant as the idea of Achilles and Patroclus.

Even if the age gap was probably larger. They were in their mid-thirties, Zag was pretty sure.

He supposed he might have developed a bit of a thing for older men.

When Zag showed up at the gym Saturday morning, he realized why he hadn't heard them making any noise last night.

“Morning, lad.” Achilles cleared his throat, and his voice was no better for it, still scraped raw. “Sorry, I’ve lost my voice a bit.”

“Are you sick?” Zagreus asked without thinking. Of course he wasn’t sick, he looked otherwise perfectly fine.

“Oh, no. Just, ah. It’s nothing.”

Nothing. Of course. It’s nothing.

Pat fucked his throat last night.

God, Zagreus had been picturing himself on his knees, but he apparently should have been picturing Achilles.

It was a perfectly normal workout, until Achilles mentioned his next client cancelling for the day, and that he planned to stop by the cafe next door during the break it would give him. Get some tea, maybe soothe his voice a little.

Zagreus mentioned that he’d never been there.

Achilles invited him along. That is, if he didn’t have anything better to do.

Zagreus could not think of a single better thing to do, ever.

That was how Zagreus ended up sitting at a little umbrella table outside of the cafe, drinking a pretty good iced tea that had sliced strawberries and lemon floating in it. Achilles, despite the heat, was holding a steaming mug, and the tea was working to make his voice a little less of a disaster. It was now more of the sexy kind of gravelly which didn’t help Zag stop thinking about blowing him at all. He was just now imagining Achilles ordering him around with this rough version of his voice instead.

They talked over all the usual pleasantries—why did Zagreus move out here (school), what was he studying (hell if he knew), how were Achilles’ dogs doing (just fine, although someone had confused what Patroclus was saying and thought they were his children again).

“How did you and Patroclus meet?” Zagreus asked him, stirring his straw around in the mess of ice and chunks of fruit in the bottom of his glass. “If you don’t mind my asking.”

“Not at all. We’ve known each other for years—since we were children, actually.” There was a brightness in Achilles’ voice despite his sore throat. He clearly loved to talk about this, and Zagreus was discovering that he loved listening. “He was quite awkward back when we were in school, and extremely shy to boot, so he got picked on a lot. I didn’t let that happen.”

“Huh. Sort of reminds me of my best friend.” Thanatos had never been upset about being ignored by the majority of their fellow students, though, not as long as he had Zag and Meg around. “He, um, just recently started talking to me again, so that’s good!”

“Glad to hear it,” Achilles said, setting his mug down and giving Zagreus a studious look across the table. “You don’t know a lot of people around here yet, do you?”

“Not yet, no. I haven’t had much time, between school and work. But my mother lives around here, so it’s nice to be closer to her.” Zagreus briefly considered fishing one of the strawberry slices out and eating it. Too soggy and not worth it. “And I’ve appreciated getting to know you and Patroclus.” He knew his face was getting red and so he sat back in his chair, hoping that the early summer sun would disguise his flush.

“And I, you,” Achilles said, with equal parts ease and sincerity. “Our last neighbor was an interesting person, but she was a seventy-year-old woman who was nearly deaf even with her hearing aids, so she was a little hard to converse with.” Well, no wonder they didn’t realize Zagreus could hear them fucking. “She said she was moving someplace much warmer in the winters, too much snow here. But she had even more plants on the balcony than you do. She was nice, but I think we get along better with you.”

“I suppose you’d have more in common with me, yeah.”

“Just a bit, yes. Zagreus... would you ever—“ Achilles’ question was cut off by the alarm on his phone, which he’d set to five minutes before his next client arrived. He silenced it, muttering something about losing track of time.

“It’s fine, you’ve got to go, so go ahead,” Zagreus said, despite desperately wanting to know what the end of that question would have been. “I’ll talk to you later.”

“Later, then,” Achilles said, reaching over to pat Zagreus on the shoulder before heading back into the gym.

God, these men were going to be the death of him.

— — —

“Are you moping about Zagreus again?” asked Patroclus, who had at least stopped calling Zagreus some combination of ridiculous titles.

Achilles, who was lying on his side on the couch and staring at nothing, told him no, he was *thinking*, and that was different. Patroclus did not seem to see any such difference.

“I almost asked him,” Achilles said.

“I’m afraid that doesn’t count, my dear.” Pat had his glasses on and his laptop open, answering emails from students and muttering about *who thought it was a good idea to give high-schoolers student emails anyway?*

“You know I’m no good at this, Pat.” This wasn’t the first time the two of them fell for someone simultaneously, and Achilles had been absolutely useless on every other occasion as well.

“Well. It’s a good thing you married me, then.”

“What are you going to do about it?” Achilles asked, rolling onto his back and tucking his feet under Pat’s thigh.

“I’m going to get us a man, that’s what,” Pat said, setting his hand on Achilles’ knee. “Well. First I’m going to answer this completely unnecessary question with what I said literally hours ago in class, and then I’m going to make dinner, and then I’m going to formulate a plan.”

“Alright,” Achilles said, still somewhat dubious and knowing it was showing through in his voice.

“Don’t worry about it.”

“Somehow, I don’t think that’s a choice.”

— — —

Zagreus was on his way out of a session with Achilles when he caught Patroclus at the front desk of the gym, chatting with the woman behind it. He’d never actually seen Pat at the gym, but figured he must come around here sometimes, given how built the guy was. But he didn’t look like he was there to work out, given the jeans (tight jeans, too, and of course his ass looked fantastic) and the button-down shirt.

Needless to say, Zagreus was intrigued.

“Hello there, stranger,” Patroclus said, neatly ending his other conversation at the precise time Zagreus approached.

“Hey!” Zagreus could think of nothing to say, mostly because the first three buttons of Pat’s shirt were undone, and his chest was immensely distracting. He forced himself to look him in the eye instead.

“Stopped by to drop off lunch for Achilles,” he explained, following Zagreus to the other side of the lobby as they got out of the way of the front desk. “I thought he mentioned your appointment being around this time. It’s good to run into you.”

“Oh, yeah, good to see you too!” Zagreus watched Patroclus’ fingers come up to stroke across his chin and jaw, a subconscious action that drew Zag’s eye to his lips and made him wonder how good his beard must feel when he kissed. Kissed Achilles! Obviously! “How have you, um... how’ve you been?” Apparently, someone had decided to curse him with Than’s inability to small talk right now.

“Oh, fine.” There was a light of something like laughter in his eyes. Zagreus couldn’t quite determine what it meant because he was focused instead on the way Pat’s sleeves were rolled up, showing off his toned forearms. Zag was suddenly very conscious of the old t-shirt and basketball shorts he’d worn to work out, and of how sweaty he still was.

“Did you just come from work? You look nice, I mean, too nice to be at a gym, is all. I’m probably looking like a wreck.” Zagreus cursed his insistence that he not use the gym showers because his own shower was a block away.

“It’s Saturday,” Patroclus said, “and looking like a wreck isn’t a bad thing. Not on you.” He didn’t step any closer to Zag, but it felt like they were drawing one another in anyway. “Did my Achilles go a little too rough on you?”

“He’s only as rough on me as I can take.”

Patroclus smiled, looking genuinely pleased even though Zagreus had definitely just said something that sounded a lot like an innuendo about his husband. “Well, whatever he’s been doing with you, it’s been working.” He squeezed Zag’s shoulder, fingers just barely tracing the shape of his bicep as he let go.

“C’mon, Pat, you can’t just feel a guy up like that,” Zagreus said around a nervous laugh. He had never been good at telling when people were teasing him and when they were honestly flirting.

“Oh, I’m not,” Patroclus said, his smile turning into a grin that was undeniably salacious now. “When I’m feeling you up, you’ll know it.” Okay, Zag wasn’t *that* oblivious. This was flirting. He was being flirted with.

Also. He’d said *when* I’m feeling you up. *When*? As in, Patroclus had future plans to do so?

Zagreus could feel a bead of sweat at the back of his neck, and this time it wasn’t the workout that had him overheated. “So, uh, what exactly does

your husband think about that?”

“I imagine he’ll quite enjoy watching,” Patroclus said, casual and composed, devastating Zagreus in all the best ways with a simple sentence. “If you want, that is.”

He wanted nothing more. He wanted so desperately he couldn’t properly form words, just stammering something absolutely ridiculous and flushing what was probably a concerning shade of red.

Patroclus set a hand on the side of Zag’s neck, his thumb stroking gently back and forth. “Think about it, all right? No need to decide right now. You know where to find us.”

Oh, he’d decided all right. He just needed some time to accept that he’d actually been propositioned. “I—I—okay, well. I’ll—definitely think. A lot. About that.” Probably as soon as he got home and jumped in the shower.

“That’s good. See you around, stranger.” With that, he was gone, headed to meet Achilles, probably.

Zagreus touched his neck, which now felt strangely cool where Patroclus’ hand had been.

Also, he realized, Patroclus had definitely not actually brought lunch for Achilles.

— — —

In the twenty-four hours that followed Zagreus being flirted into oblivion by Patroclus at the gym, he thought of nearly nothing else.

He’d thought about it extensively in the shower (first with his hand around his cock and while seriously considering whether this meant he’d have to admit he was listening in on them). He thought about it in bed Saturday night, while his neighbors were quiet for once, just talking, too low for Zagreus to hear distinct words.

The fact that their muffled voices in the background were so deeply soothing he fell asleep almost instantly was perhaps more disturbing than knowing they aroused him.

On Sunday morning, he attempted to do his homework, thought about Patroclus and Achilles for hours, probably, and then realized he hadn't written a word of his essay. The cursor was right where he had left it on the page, blinking menacingly.

“Dammit,” he cursed his unwritten essay, at his mind’s natural tendency to wander, at the low-level arousal coursing through him despite all his best efforts to concentrate.

He thought about his essay. What was his thesis again?

He thought about Patroclus touching him. He thought about Achilles watching.

He didn’t think about his essay any longer.

Fuck it. He needed to relieve some of this tension. He shut his laptop and headed for the bedroom.

There was a window just to the right of his bed, and golden afternoon sunlight was spilling in to turn his quilt into a comfortable patch of warmth. It would have been the perfect place to curl up for a nap, the breeze coming through the open window comfortably cool as summer edged into fall. What a wonderful afternoon he might have, curled up and cozy, except that he was already so desperately horny he was touching himself through his sweats before he even got on the bed. He gave himself a bit more pressure than was needed, rubbing the heel of his hand against his groin, jerking forward into it.

In his mind, he had one of Patroclus' strong thighs between his legs, Achilles against his back, pressed between the two of them and grinding into that hot space. He tumbled onto his back, throwing an arm over his face, groaning into the empty room.

Zagreus used to have a little bit of a complex about his height, until he realized how blisteringly hot it was to have a larger person manhandle him, and the two of them together would be...

Fuck.

Zag knew how much Achilles could lift. It'd be easy for him to pin Zagreus to the bed, against the wall, against *Patroclus*. The possibilities unfolded in a sea of images that had Zagreus shoving his sweats down to get a hand around his dick.

"Oh, yes," he found himself hissing as he finally touched himself, one long stroke from base to tip, his thumb rubbing over the head of his cock as his hips bucked forward.

He was really getting into it, stroking faster, heavily considering reaching into the drawer in his nightstand for lube, when he heard a noise from next door—softer, breathier than usual, the kind of thing he normally wouldn't be able to hear, because there *was* a wall in the way.

"*You want me to stop?*" asked Patroclus, nearly loud enough that Zagreus could have been in the room with them.

"Oh, don't you dare. God, your hands..."

Zagreus, made stupid by his haze of arousal, took far too long to realize that their voices were coming through the open window. They must have had theirs open, too. Oh *god*, this was so much better than hearing them through the wall. Or worse? He tried to keep himself from breathing so hard so that he could hear them over his own desperate gasping.

He swore he could hear them kissing.

"*Can you take another?*" Oh, it was all too easy to imagine Patroclus asking Zag instead.

Zagreus wrenched the drawer on his nightstand open, rifling through it for his lube, cracking the bottle open one-handed.

"Yes, *give me more.*" Achilles answered in the exact way Zagreus would have.

The lube was still cold when Zagreus pressed his fingers in, a pleasant shock that made a little gasp bubble up in his throat. He pushed two in at once, hissing through his teeth at the stretch, keeping up with the pace he estimated the two of them at next door.

It'd be so much better if it was Pat. His hands were *so big*. Zag probably could have stuffed a third finger inside himself and it would've been equivalent to two of Pat's. Next door, Achilles was moaning, still quiet, the kind of thing Zagreus couldn't have heard with the windows closed unless he was pressing his ear to the wall and listening for it.

"*So good for me,*" Pat said, and Zag made a noise despite himself, curling his fingers up, trying to hit the perfect spot but not quite able to reach.

"*Ah—that was—*" Achilles began, and then was cut off by something, probably Pat kissing him.

"*A little bit longer, love,*" Patroclus said. "*Can you do that for me?*"

Zagreus was seriously considering digging out the dildo he usually didn't bother with (if only because he didn't like having to clean it after), because if Pat started fucking Achilles, there was no way Zagreus could satisfy himself with his fingers alone.

His hands had slowed as he focused on listening to them more than touching himself, and when he stroked his cock again, squeezed almost too tight, he gasped, biting his lip through a whine.

"*That's it,*" Patroclus said, his voice harsher, not like he was talking to Achilles. There was a creak of a bedspring, a sound that was clearly the bedroom window being opened further. "Zagreus?"

Shit.

SHITSHITSHIT.

Of *course* they could hear him too, god fuck how could he be so stupid?

If he ran into his bathroom and hid, would they politely pretend they hadn't heard him? It was the neighborly thing to do.

"Pat, don't—if he doesn't want to—" That was Achilles, distantly, as if he was still where Patroclus had left him on the bed.

"I think he does want to." Patroclus sounded like he was smiling. "What are you doing right now, neighbor? Busy?"

"Oh, you know, just enjoying my Sunday afternoon," Zagreus said, a little hysterical. His fingers were still buried in his ass, and he couldn't help the little noise he made as he pulled them free.

"Sounds relaxing," Patroclus said.

"Um. Sort of?"

Patroclus laughed, low and sweet.

"Pat, stop teasing him and ask if he wants to come over," Achilles said, as if Zagreus couldn't hear him just as clearly.

Come over?

Like, *come over*?

"Want to enjoy your Sunday afternoon in our bed?" Patroclus relayed Achilles' question. "To be perfectly clear, I'm asking if you want to come over for sex."

Zagreus had gathered that already, and he was pulling his sweats back on a second time, because he'd started dressing as soon as he heard Achilles ask, and he had put them on backward at first. "Yes—*fuck*—" He stood and immediately jammed his knee into his nightstand drawer, still open from when Zagreus had gone looking for lube. "Yes, I want to come over."

He was still hard, still sort of stretched-out and wanting for something inside him. He was also going to get lube on the inside of his sweats. Whatever. He was taking them off as soon as he got next door, anyway.

Patroclus laughed, not quite teasing, simply pleased. "I'll be at the door in a minute."

Zagreus took a quick detour to the bathroom to make sure he didn't look like a total disaster. Also, to wash his hands. He definitely needed to wash his hands, he'd just had his fingers up his ass—not that he wasn't about to—never mind. He washed his hands.

He didn't need to put a shirt on, right?

No time for that, anyway.

The answer to 'did he need to put a shirt on' turned out to be an emphatic *no*, because Patroclus answered the door in a pair of boxers that did nothing to hide how hard he was. He was looking at Zagreus like he wanted to eat him alive.

"Um, hi."

"Get in here."

He got in there.

Patroclus pressed him against the door and kissed him, so forcefully Zag's toes curled and he could do little in reaction but hold on. He'd been imagining this for weeks, but god, the reality was so much better than anything Zag had come up with.

There was no hesitation in it, as if Patroclus had been imagining this for just as long as Zag had, but actually had the confidence and the skill to put his money where his mouth was (or his mouth where his mouth was, rather). Zag's shoulders pressed into the door and his hips pressed against Pat's, his erection which had wanted a bit while he made his way next door back in full. He let Patroclus draw him in closer, reveling in the span of Patroclus'

hand against the small of his back. His mouth was hot and his beard was perfect and Zag was absolutely going to immolate and/or come if this went on any longer.

"I was going to say you can't just kiss him without asking, but it appears you've proven me wrong."

Zag dragged himself away from the kiss, breathing hard and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Patroclus turned to look over his shoulder at Achilles, who was leaning against the entrance of the hallway which must have led to their bedroom, wrapped in a bedsheet but otherwise completely naked.

"I don't think he minded," Patroclus said.

"Not a bit. In fact, Achilles, if you'd like to also kiss me without asking, please do," Zagreus added.

"Well? Come here."

Zagreus was nearly surprised when Achilles didn't tease back, and it took Patroclus nudging him in Achilles' direction to get Zagreus moving. He realized that he'd never actually seen the inside of their place. He didn't have time to look at anything, though, not when Achilles was waiting for him.

Achilles drew him close just as Patroclus had, but was a bit gentler in kissing him, settling his hands on Zag's waist and letting Zagreus choose how to angle his face, how hard to push, how to set the pace.

That gentleness only lasted moments, though. When Achilles realized that holding Zagreus tighter, nipping at his lips, and tugging at his hair made him melt, he switched tactics. Achilles ducked his head, quickly discovering exactly how sensitive Zag's neck was. Patroclus approached him from behind, his chest against Zag's back, kissing at the opposite side of his neck. His insistent presence pushed Zagreus forward into Achilles, trapping his cock against Achilles' hip.

Patroclus nipped at Zag's jaw and he groaned, a quiet, "*oh, fuck me.*" It matched something he'd heard Achilles say through the wall almost exactly.

"Is that what you want?" Patroclus asked. The places where he'd kissed Zagreus all tingled from the scrape of his beard. "You want us to fuck you?"

"Yes, god. Wanted it for months."

Achilles took Zagreus' chin between his thumb and forefinger, turned his face so he could meet his eye. "That long, lad? We've only known you since July."

"Ugh, how could I not?" He shifted his hips, rubbing himself against Achilles as his neediness came to the forefront. "You're so beautiful, and the way you sound when he—"

Zagreus caught himself, biting down hard on his lower lip to keep himself from continuing to reveal how he'd listened in on them. He'd been vague enough that he could backpedal, and maybe they wouldn't notice? Hopefully they wouldn't notice?

That was too much to wish for, it seemed.

"How he sounds?" Patroclus couldn't let something like that slip. "It is quite lovely, I'll admit. But I didn't know you'd been listening." It didn't seem to dampen his interest in fucking Zagreus. That much was obvious from the insistence of his erection against the small of Zag's back.

"Um. Well, sometimes—I mean, you must know you're... *a bit loud*, and my bed's on the other side of the wall, and—"

"You mean to say you've been listening to us all this time?" Achilles asked him, allowing Zagreus to lean his forehead against his chest as he nodded.

"I'm sorry."

"You should be," Patroclus said, giving Zagreus one plummeting moment of guilt and anxiety before he continued with, "keeping yourself so quiet we couldn't hear you without the windows open."

"I... *that's* what you're upset about?"

Achilles dropped a kiss on the top of his head. "I am, despite how it may seem, aware of how loud I am. It's hard to... mm. You'll see."

"It's hard to be silent when I'm fucking you, you mean," Patroclus said. "And yes, he'll see. I imagine the only logical solution to this is to wring as many pretty noises from our Zagreus as we can."

Zagreus immediately began making good on that. "*Oh*, yes, that sounds perfect."

Achilles took a step back. "Then we'll have to get started. Come on, you two." The sheet he'd had barely preserving his modesty dropped when he stepped away, and Zagreus was treated to the sight of him completely nude, turning and heading for the bedroom. His mouth went dry just looking.

"He's something, isn't he?" Patroclus said, patting Zagreus on the ass to get him to hurry after Achilles.

Their bedroom, like his, was bathed in the golden light of the afternoon, but the walls were painted darker than Zagreus', a deep navy that, combined with the charcoal bed sheets, made Achilles stand out as golden as the sunlight. He was perched on the edge of the bed, leaned back on his hands in a way that showed off the lines of his muscular body, his cock hard against his hip.

Zagreus wanted to get on his knees before him. Wanted it so much more than he had when Achilles was spotting him, so much his mouth watered.

He *could* now, and he did, crouching until he was on his knees on the rug beneath their bed and looking up at Achilles, who had pressed a hand to his mouth.

"Is this alright?" Zagreus asked.

"*Fuck*." Achilles' free hand twisted in the sheets. "Yes. Pat, come here."

Patroclus sat on the bed, too, behind Achilles, his knees bracketing Achilles' thighs, arms looping around his waist, his chin hooked over Achilles' shoulder to watch. "Well. This is sure to be a sight."

Zagreus grinned, finally touching Achilles' cock with no clothing or sheets between them, giving him a long stroke, as steady as he could keep it. "I'm told I'm good with my mouth," he said. At the very least, this was the one place in which he was relatively sure he could show off. He dropped his head down, his tongue taking the path his hand just had.

Achilles made a noise, muffled behind his hand, which Zagreus took as a sign to lick him again, slower this time. "You taste good," he told Achilles, honest in it. He licked over the head of Achilles' cock, driving the tip of his tongue against his slit to taste the pre-come welling up there. Of course Achilles was already worked up; Patroclus had been touching him before Zag had even gotten in here.

When Zagreus went down on him in one slow slide, Achilles cried out, louder now because Patroclus had taken his wrist and pulled his hand away from his mouth. Good. Zagreus swallowed around him, his eyes fluttering closed as he remembered exactly how much he liked doing this.

As he pulled back to suck at the head of Achilles' cock again, he heard Patroclus, his voice low and resonant and finally perfectly clear, not obscured by a wall between them. "God, you're beautiful like that. On your knees for us. Achilles, tell me how it feels."

"Better than 'good,' Achilles said, groaning indulgently as Zagreus let the head of Achilles' cock slide against the wet-hot-velvet of his cheek before sucking him down again.

"Mm. I'd believe that." Patroclus leaned around Achilles, grasping his thigh and pulling until Achilles was forced to tip back a little, his head against Pat's chest, hips shifting on the bed and pushing his cock deeper into Zag's mouth. "Get your fingers in him while you suck him," Patroclus instructed Zagreus. "He'll come for you." It was all too easy to follow Patroclus' instructions, Achilles having already been prepared when Zagreus was listening to them.

"Goddamit, don't go revealing my secrets," Achilles said, cursing and rocking back on Zag's fingers, moaning when Zag's chuckle vibrated against his cock. "Oh! Zagreus!"

Zagreus moaned, his free hand dropping to his crotch, palming his cock roughly and without coordination, too focused on Achilles to do anything else to satisfy the need rising in him. Hearing Achilles cry out *his name* had him so close he thought he might come before Achilles did.

He took Achilles deep, swallowed around him again, crooking his fingers up in time, and Achilles' hands dug into his hair. Zagreus didn't pull back when Achilles came, swallowing through it, jerking his hips forward, grinding against his palm.

He'd been *close*, but he backed away from that edge as the three of them took a breath, Achilles tugging Zagreus' head back and away with a soft, "that's it, lad, god that felt good, come up here."

Zagreus thrust his fingers back into Achilles one more time before removing them entirely, making Achilles gasp and clutch at him as Zagreus clambered into his lap. Achilles hugged his waist and Patroclus pulled him in to kiss him, moaning as he tasted his husband's come in Zag's mouth.

"You were incredible, thank you," Achilles said, giving Zag a much softer, quicker kiss than Patroclus had.

Zagreus had to clear his throat before responding. "Tell me something, Achilles: last week, when you were missing your voice at the gym, was that...?"

"Ah, well. That was... yes."

"Achilles is good with his mouth, too," Patroclus clarified. "I was a bit harder on him than he was on you today, though."

"Want me to show you?" Achilles asked, which made Zag shiver. Yes, he did want Achilles' mouth on him.

But.

Also.

"I... can't, I want Pat to fuck me and if you—I'll come," he stammered, which got a sharp grin out of Pat and a sweet smile out of Achilles.

"Next time," Achilles said, stroking his cheek and urging Zag off of his lap.

With three people, Zagreus was discovering, it became necessary to rearrange yourselves more often. Achilles and Patroclus did it easily, laying Zagreus out on his back on the bed, one of them on each side, Achilles basking in the sun like a cat and Patroclus looming over him, just waiting for the opportunity to get Zag's pants off. Zagreus was having trouble facilitating this, occupied with Achilles was kissing him with the languor of someone who was not still waiting to come.

Patroclus' hands stroked over Zag's stomach, his hips, nearing his waistband but not passing it, waiting for his say-so. Patroclus could have him, all of him, and Zagreus would have been fully alright with it, but he politely waited, and so Zagreus was forced to pull away from Achilles' mouth.

"Take them off. Please, I want you in me." Zagreus helpfully lifted his hips to allow Patroclus room to tug his sweats down, and enjoyed the grin on Patroclus' face when he realized they were the only thing he had to remove.

"Was this a choice specifically for us, I wonder?" Patroclus asked, pushing Zag's pants to the end of the bed.

"No, hah, I was already going without—it's Sunday, I'm not going to bother with—" Zagreus cut himself off, seeing Patroclus going for a bottle of lube that was still lying on the bed from when he'd been prepping Achilles. "Oh, I'm already sort of... I'm ready. I was touching myself there, I mean, while I was listening to you."

"Were you, now?" Patroclus' fingers found his entrance, his middle finger pushing in, then his first two, testing the stretch. "No. You're not ready."

"Mm?" It was difficult not to sink into the sensation of Patroclus' fingers spreading him. Just as thick as he'd been imagining, and *god*, those calluses.

"You'll need more preparation to take me."

"What...?" Zagreus frowned as Patroclus removed his fingers, turning his head to give Achilles a questioning look.

Patroclus tapped Zagreus' shoulder, getting his attention, wanting him to watch what was about to happen. Patroclus slipped off the bed and stood, so that he could rid himself of those boxers, slow, like a striptease.

And oh, it absolutely deserved Zagreus' full attention. "Oh." Zagreus swallowed, the pace of his breath and his heartbeat speeding up. "Oh, fuck, I think I see what you mean. God, you're big."

Well, no fucking *wonder* Achilles was screaming every night.

"You look a little like a deer in headlights," Patroclus said, climbing back on the bed. "If you don't want—"

"No! No, I want." Deer in headlights. Hah. "I'm not afraid. Just. Too horny to function."

"So *that's* what that look is." Patroclus caressed his face, running his thumb over Zag's lower lip. "I like it on you. So. You still want me in you?"

"Like nothing else," Zagreus agreed, spreading his legs a little wider just to prove his willingness.

"Achilles," Patroclus ventured.

Achilles hummed, tossing his hair over one shoulder as he sat up. "You're going to make me get out of this nice warm spot, aren't you?"

"You come first, you get stuck running errands." Patroclus reached out to shoo him, giving Achilles a little playful smack on the ass as he got out of bed.

"It sounds a little like—*ah!*—the two of you have done this before?" Zag gasped as Patroclus' fingers entered him again, spreading apart to stretch him instead of just penetrating him this time. Zagreus willed himself to relax, a task made easier when Pat's free hand gently traced patterns along Zag's hips.

"Not for a while. But there have been others." He paused. "Does that bother you?"

"I sort of appreciate, mm, you know, you're experienced." Zagreus shifted, wanting to fuck back onto Pat's fingers but quickly held in place when Patroclus moved from petting at him to holding him steady. His fingers curled *just right* and Zagreus arched under his touch. "Right there, yes!"

"Here?"

"Mm!"

"All right, then," Patroclus said, and completely avoided that particular spot, playing with him until he was *writhing* with it. Patroclus kept his hips still through it all, leaning his weight on Zagreus.

"*You. Fucking. Tease.*"

"Patroclus, what are you doing to the poor lad?"

"He's not fucking me, that's wha—*ah!*" Zagreus tipped his head back and groaned as Patroclus pressed against his prostate once more and then pulled his fingers out entirely, leaving Zagreus clenching around nothing and desperately wanting *more. Now.* "Please, god, Achilles, how do you stand this—"

"Hush." Patroclus set a finger over his lips, silencing him.

The 'errand' Achilles had been sent on was apparently getting condoms. He unwrapped one and reached around to roll it onto Patroclus' cock so Pat didn't have to move his hands. Zag appreciated this, because Patroclus was

taking a moment to touch his chest, the fingers digging into Zag's pectoral still sticky with lube.

Achilles settled back against Zag's side as Patroclus spread *more* lube on his fingers and put them *back* inside. "You're alright, love," Achilles said, stroking his neck and chest, kissing his cheek. "He's going to take care of you, I promise. Just be patient."

"I am," Zagreus huffed, rocking his hips back on Pat's fingers, "not a patient person."

"Nor am I." Achilles took Zagreus' chin, turned him until they were face to face. "But he's worth waiting for. I promise you."

"Distract him for me, will you?" Patroclus said. "Kiss him. There, that's a *sight*. Mm. You two..."

Achilles was a wonderful distraction, to be honest. He swept Zagreus up into kiss after kiss, hands tracing Zagreus' ribs and waist and hips, then back up his sternum. Zagreus almost didn't notice when Patroclus removed his fingers again, but he definitely *did* notice when something much blunter than his fingertips was pressing in.

"Oh!"

"Still good?" Patroclus asked, his voice deep and full of exertion. He stopped moving, but he was shaking with the effort.

"Yes, still good. Fuck me, please." The end of his sentence was muffled as his mouth crushed against Achilles' again, the two of them overwhelming him from both ends.

Patroclus pressed deeper, groaning as he bottomed out, tipping forward until his head was against Zag's chest. "You feel *divine*, you know."

"Then *move*," Zagreus panted. "I'm ready, just—"

"Mmnh. Just wait," Patroclus said, and did not move.

"You want me to beg? Just *fuck me*."

Achilles' fingers reached between them, feeling at the place Patroclus' cock entered him, which was hot as anything, and he was smirking while he did it. "Oh, lad. He's waiting because—are you quite alright with more? He's not all the way in."

"Yes. That. Thank you, Achilles."

"Then *get* all the way in," Zagreus said, although he was absolutely not prepared for how full he'd feel. His nails dug into Patroclus' shoulders and he had to consciously let go and grip the sheets instead. "*Fuck*. It's good, I'm good."

"Are you quite certain?" Achilles asked. "You look like you're about to break."

"Hah, only in the good way. Pat, fuck me. I can take it." His Monday morning statistics class was going to be an adventure after this, that's for sure. He'd be sore as hell, but this was deeply worth it.

Patroclus pulled out, fucked him with one satisfyingly loud slap of skin against skin, and then just looked at him a moment, shaking his head. "The *sounds* you make," he said.

"Did I make... sounds?"

He honestly couldn't say whether he had.

Achilles hummed and took his hands, giving him something to grip tight to. "Have at him, then, love. You wanted to get sounds out of him, after all."

Patroclus sat up, leaned over to kiss Achilles briefly. God, Zagreus could get off just watching them kiss. "All right," he said, tossing his hair out of his face. "Tell Achilles if it gets to be too much, he'll slow me down."

Listen.

Zagreus was no stranger to rough sex. Meg was an actual goddamn dominatrix, whips and all, and he'd been on-again-off-again with her for *years*. So he'd been fucked hard. He'd been fucked so hard he was begging to be wrecked, out of his mind with pleasure.

So, he knew one thing with absolute certainty.

He'd never been fucked this hard.

He didn't *have* to beg Patroclus to wreck him.

Zagreus was gonna come out of this with bruises on his hips in the shape of Pat's hands, was gonna scream himself hoarse, was gonna make their neighbors on the other side of the goddamn building uncomfortable.

Achilles talked him through the whole thing: *"you're taking him so well,"* and, *"god, you sound lovely,"* and, *"he's close, I know how much he's wanted this, just as much as I have, been dreaming about taking you for weeks."* His voice was the only thing that kept Zagreus grounded, because Pat was going to fuck him into the next *dimension*.

Patroclus only slowed down when he was about to come, pitching forward to kiss Zagreus, swallowing his moans until neither of them could focus on it anymore. Pat breathed against Zag's mouth while he came, slamming into him one more time before losing it.

"Fuck." Which one of them was that? Was it Zag? He had no clue, honestly.

This was the other nice thing about two partners: while Patroclus drifted in a post-orgasmic haze and seemed to have nothing better to do than kissing Zagreus' neck and jaw, Achilles helped to ease him aside, toss out the condom, and take over the very quickly-handled job of getting Zagreus off.

Sandwiched between the two of them, Pat's mouth on his neck, Achilles' hand around his cock—yeah, it was over fast. A white-hot rush, the kind of orgasm that felt like a good stretch, almost a relief.

He couldn't quite settle into their bed afterward, wondering if this was when he should make his escape back to his own apartment, but their arms wrapped around him and kept him in place.

"Is it weird that I want to say 'thank you'?" he asked.

"Mm, no, I think not." Achilles said.

"I'm going to thank whoever built this place with such thin walls," Patroclus declared.

They remained in a sweaty, sated heap until Achilles said, "I'm hungry," and prodded Patroclus in the shoulder as if he was supposed to do something about that.

"I'm not getting up to cook," Patroclus said. "Order something."

"My phone's in the living room," Achilles said, "and Zagreus is warm. I'm not moving." He held Zagreus a little closer, nosing at his neck.

"I can get us food, I know a good gyro place," Zagreus said. "Um. Well. My phone is next door."

"Yours is closer," Patroclus said, patting Zagreus on the side first and then realizing he wasn't touching Achilles. "Lover. Go get us food."

"Where's *yours*?" Achilles finally thought to ask.

"Hm. I think it's on the nightstand, actually."

There was a flurry of movement as Achilles all but pushed Pat out of the bed. "Then you order food!" He mumbled some sort of profanity into Zagreus' neck.

Patroclus gave in and ordered food, Achilles actually got up moments later and returned with a warm washcloth to get Zagreus cleaned up, and he lounged in their bed until whatever Pat had ordered was delivered.

The sun was warm on his back, and both of them kissed him sweetly when they joined him again, and Zagreus really, really could not complain about his apartment.

Author's Note:

find me on twitter for more hadesness and pza at @luddlestons or on my nsfw twitter @luddlessmut

[LOOK AT THIS GORGEOUS ART FOR THIS FIC!!!!](#)

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